tagem to shoot a troupe of horse with fell,& when I haue stole vpon these sonne in lawes, then kill,kill,kill,kill,kill,kill.

Enter three Gentlemen.

Gent. O here he is, lay hands vpon him sirs, your most deere

Lear. No reskue,what a prisoner, I am eene the naturall foole of Fortune, vse me well you shall haue ransome, let mee haue a chirgion I am cut to the braines.

Gent. You shall haue any thing.

Lear. No seconds, all my selfe, why this would make a man of salt to vse his eyes for garden waterpots, I and laying Autums dust.

Lear. I will die bravely like a bridegroome, what ? I will be Iouiall, come, come, I am a King my maisters, know you that.

Gent. You are a royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then theres life int, nay and you get it you shall get it with running. *Exit King running.*

Gent. A sight most pitifull in the meanest wretch, past speaking of in a king: thou hast one daughter who redeemes nature from the generall curse which twaine hath brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle sir.

Gent. Sir speed you, whats your will.

Edg. Do you heare ought of a battell toward.

Gent. Most sure and vulgar euery one here's that That can distinguish sence.

Edg. But by your fauour how neers the other army.

Gent. Neere and on speed fort the maine descryes, Stand st on the howerly thoughts.

Edg. I thanke you sir thats all.

Gent. Though that the Queene on speciall cause is here, Hir army is moued on. *Edg.* I thanke you sir. *Exit.*

Glost. You euer gentle gods take my breath from me, Let not my worser spirit tempt me againe, To dye before you please. *Edg.* Well, pray you father.

Glost. Now good sir what are you.

Edg. A most poore man made lame by Fortunes blowes, Who by the Art of knowne and feeling sorrowes Am pregnant to good pitty, giue me your hand Ile leade you to some biding.

Glost.

Glost. Hartie thankes, the bornet and beniz of heauen to saue thee. *Enter Steward.*

Stew. A proclamed prize, most happy, that eyles head of thine was framed flesh to rayse my fortunes, thou most vnhappy traytor, briefly thy selfe remember, the sword is out that must destroy thee.

Glost. Now let thy friendly hand put strength enough to't.

Stew. VVherefore bould pesant durst thou support a publisht traytor, hence least the infection of his fortune take like hold on thee, let goe his arme ?

Edg. Chill not let goe sir without cagion.

Stew. Let goe slaue, or thou diest.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, let poore voke passe, and chud haue beene swaggar'd out of my life, it would not haue beene so long by a fortnight, nay come not neare the old man, keepe out, cheuore ye, or ile trie whether your coster or my battero be the harder, ile be plaine with you.

Stew. Out dunghill. *they fight.*

Edg. Chill pick your teeth sir, come, no matter for your foyns.

Stew. Slaue thou hast slaine me, villaine take my purse, If euer thou wilt thriue, burie my bodie, And giue the letters which thou find'st about me To *Edmund* Earle of *Glostar*, seeke him out vpon The *British* partie, ô vntimely death ! death. *He dies.*

Edg. I know thee well, a seruiceable villaine, As dutious to the vices of thy mistres, as badnes would

Glost. What is he dead ? (desire.

Edg. Sit you down father, rest you lets see his pockets These letters that he speakes of may be my friends, Hee's dead, I am only sorrow he had no other deathsmā Let vs see, leaue gentle waxe, and manners blame vs not To know our enemies minds wee'd rip their hearts, Their papers is more lawfull.

Let your reciprocall vowes bee remembred, you haue many opportunities to cut him off, if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered, there is nothing done, If he returne the conquerour, then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gayle, from the lothed warmth whereof deliuer me, and supply the place for